All decere natures children: ſweete-
Ly fore Bride and Bridegroomes feete *Strew*
Bleſſing their ſence. *Flowers.*
Not an angle of the aire,
Bird melodious, or bird faire,
Is abſent hence.

The Crow, the ſlaundrous Cuckoe, nor
The boding Raven, nor Clough hee
Nor chattring Pie,
May on our Bridehouſe pearch or ſing,
Or with them any diſcord bring
But from it fly.

Enter 3. Queenes in Blacke, with vailes ſtaind, with imperiall Crownes. The 1. Queene fals downe at the foote of Theſeus; The 2. fals downe at the foote of Hypolita. The 3. before Emilia.

1. *Qu.* For pitties ſake and true gentilities,
Heare, and reſpect me.
2. *Qu.* For your Mothers ſake,
And as you wiſh your womb may thrive with faire ones,
Heare and reſpect me,
3. *Qu.* Now for the love of him whom *Iove* hath markd
The honour of your Bed, and for the ſake
Of cleere virginity, be Advocate
For us, and our diſtreſſes: This good deede
Shall raze you out o'th Booke of Treſpaſſes
All you are ſet downe there.
Theſeus. Sad Lady riſe.
Hypol. Stand up.
Emil. No knees to me.
What woman I may ſteed that is diſtreſt,
Does bind me to her.
Theſ. What's your requeſt? Deliver you for all.
1. *Qu.* We are 3. Queenes, whoſe Soveraignes fel before
The wrath of cruell *Creon*; who endured
The Beakes of Ravens, Tallents of the Kights,

And

And pecks of Crowes, in th
He will not ſuffer us to burn
To urne their aſhes, nor to ta
Of mortall loathſomenes fro
Of holy *Phœbus*, but infects
With ſtench of our ſlaine Lo
Thou purger of the earth, di
That does good turnes to'th
Of our dead Kings, that we m
And of thy boundles goodne
That for our crowned heade
Save this which is the Lyons
And vault to every thing.
Theſ. Pray you kneele no
I was tranſported with you
Your knees to wrong themſe
Of your dead Lords, which g
As wakes my vengeance, an
King *Capaneus*, was your L
That he ſhould marry you,
As now it is with me, I met y
By *Marſis Altar*, you wer
Not *Iunos Mantle* fairer the
Nor in more bounty ſpread
Was then nor threaſhd, nor
Dimpled her Cheeke with ſi
(Then weaker than your eies
He tumbled downe upon his
And ſwore his ſinews thawd
Fearefull conſumers, you wil
1. *Qu.* O I hope ſome
Some God hath put his mer
Whereto heel infuſe powre, a
Our undertaker.
Theſ. O no knees, none W
Vnto the Helmeted-Belona
And pray for me your Sould
Troubled I am.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsman* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (